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Columbia Chronicle (10/18/2004 - Supplement)

Columbia College Chicago

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A&E

AN ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT SUPPLEMENT OF THE COLUMBIA CHRONICLE

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talkin' with walken

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Art for the fake
of it.

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Local DJs drop
star-studded
album.

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John Kerry: former
bass player, future
president?

page 12

Perks 'R' Us

BY JAMIE MURNANE/A&E EDITOR



I'd be lying if I said I originally wanted to go into journalism for the thrill of the work itself. Sure, the constant stress and deadline juggling has grown on me in recent years, but when I was in high school, I just wanted to travel and meet cool people, at the same time, preferably. Or travel with cool people.

I pictured myself touring with the band Bush, my 15-year-old self's musical obsession. When Cameron Crowe's *Almost Famous* came out my junior year of high school, my destiny had been decided. I thought I'd be a rock star, but since I never learned to play anything other than the kazoo, I stuck with writing.

Sure, I never got to tour with messy-haired Gavin Rossdale, but last year, I conducted my first face-to-face interview with anyone close to famous. It was Charlie Kaufman and Michel Gondry prior to the release of their movie *Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind*. After all, I was thrilled to see a screening of the film at the same theater as Roger Ebert. A huge fan of *Adaptation*, and Gondry's music videos (when MTV actually

played them), the conversation was far beyond anything I could imagine. OK, not anything—but, it was very good. Not only were these guys prominent figures, but they were actually interesting. But not all the people I've met/spoken to have been as interesting as I'd hoped.

Over the summer, I was whisked away to New York for a press junket for a certain men's deodorant/body spray, the name of which I will not divulge, for I'm sticking to my ethics by not allowing myself to be bought for press. (Thanks AXE!) However, the W Hotel room with a breathtaking view in Times Square was a nice touch. Sure, it was nice of the publicity company to give 10 college journalists the penthouse on our second night, but the real highlight of the trip was the launch party we went to that night.

Dressed to the nines, we, perfect strangers from all over the country joined only by our impending careers, were taken, via stretch limo, across Manhattan to Bob Guccione's (the founder of Penthouse) mansion. Upon getting our VIP wristbands, we were greeted by the evening's hosts: Mila Kunis and Mekhi Phifer.

It was astonishing to learn that Kunis is not nearly as ditzzy as her "That '70s Show" character, Jackie. It was almost disappointing, really. But she wasn't that friendly, either. Phifer, on the other hand, rocked the dance floor and mingled with the press and publicists all night.

I brushed shoulders with the two of them, never really saying much, and stuck to the open bar.

I had a conversation about the décor with a blonde girl who looked vaguely familiar. I thought her to be one of the publicists I had met earlier, but later found out she's on the WB's "One Tree Hill."

The highlight of the evening, though, was not brushing shoulders with Jack Osbourne, who looked surprisingly good up close and personal, or even talking to Dr. Drew. It was getting the toe of my brand new orange shoes stepped on. And anyone who knows me knows that I'm very protective of my orange shoes. But, this was Macaulay Culkin. Part of me wanted to slap my hands on my face and scream at him a la *Home Alone*, but instead I accepted his shy apology and watched as he sauntered off, half crooked, hand in Kunis'.

While the celebrities in attendance were great for people watching, the most interesting people there were other writers. In fact, one of them, an editor for FHM magazine and former "Road Rules" cast member, shared a story that made me even more glad I decided to be a journalist.

He recently had come from a two-week African safari, paid for, in full, by an also-to-remain-unnamed rum company. "You'll never get paid what you deserve," he told me, over Jack Osbourne's attempt to DJ. "But in no other job do you receive as many perks."

To these companies, I say, bring it on. But don't expect me to tell anyone about your product.

WHOSAID?

Who will have a longer career: Lindsay Lohan or Hilary Duff?

1. "They both kind of suck, but probably Lindsay Lohan, because there's not many redheads."

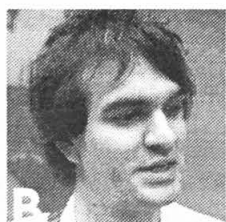
2. "Um...Lindsay Lohan, because she's better? I don't know why."

3. "Lindsay Lohan. She seems to have more substance to her performances than Hilary Duff does."

4. "Lindsay Lohan. She's in *Mean Girls*, right? I just think she's beautiful. I don't really like girls who are unconventionally beautiful, and she seems to blend that with popular beauty."



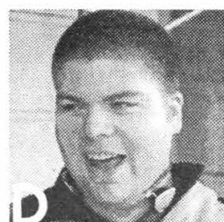
Linda Jean Molloy
Cultural Studies
Freshman



Michael Ferstle
Music Composition
Junior



Nicole Michelotti
Photography
Junior



Scott Smith
Music Performance
Freshman

Answers: 1-A, 2-C, 3-B, 4-D.

MONDAY

Sean Astin from *The Lord of the Rings* signs his memoir, *There and Back Again: An Actor's Tale* at Borders. 830 N. Michigan Ave. 7 p.m.

TUESDAY

Jimmy Eat World's *Futures* is released

Lipstick and Dynamite, Piss and Vinegar: The First Ladies of Wrestling at the Chicago Film Festival, AMC River East. 322 E. Illinois St. 7 p.m.

WEDNESDAY

Coheed and Cambria at the Riviera. 4746 N. Racine Ave. 6:30 pm.

Columbia's fiction magazine, *F*, Book Party. Residence Center, 731 S. Plymouth Court. 7:30 p.m.

THURSDAY

Badly Drawn Boy with Brendan Benson at the Vic. 3145 N. Sheffield Ave. 7:30 p.m.

Wise Ass Comedy Night, open mic. Hokin Annex, 623 S. Wabash Ave. 7:30 p.m.

FRIDAY

George Carlin signs his new book *When Will Jesus Bring the Pork Chops?* at Borders. 150 N. State St. 12:30 pm.

DIG!, a documentary about two bands achieving fame over seven years, opens at Century Centre Cinema. 2828 N. Clark St.

SATURDAY

The Cramps at the Vic. 3145 N. Sheffield Ave. 9 p.m. 18+

The Good Life at the Abbey Pub. 3420 W. Grace St. 9 p.m.

SUNDAY

Cake with Northern State at the Riviera. 4746 N. Racine. 7:30 pm.

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Jimmy 'eats' the big one

By Todd Burbo/Assistant A&E Editor

The latest Jimmy Eat World album *Futures* starts by saying, "I've always believed in futures / I hope for better, in November." The line is a bit surprising, as politics have never been at the forefront of the band's previous work. Unfortunately, that is the only surprising moment on the album.

The lyrics quickly fall into formula, discussing the two emo-approved topics: budding relationships and tragic relationships. Yes, emo kids are whiners, and there's certainly an audience for that.

It's just that on Jimmy Eat World's previous records, the narrow scope of their lyrics was never bothersome. Here, it feels forced, as if they've covered everything that needs to be said and just kept rambling to avoid the awkward silence.

It's clearly time for them to cover new ground. Perhaps they could drop a guitarist and replace him with scattered world instruments. It worked for Blur on their latest album.

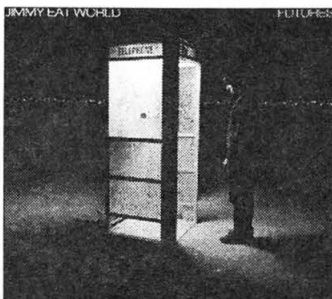
Instead of advancing sonically, this album sounds much like the last, with hard-driving guitars and harmonic vocals. Sadly, there seems to be less and less distinguishing them from the legions of pop-punk bands that saturate MTV's "TRL" on a daily basis.

The grand, almost epic feel of their second album, *Clarity*, is completely gone. The lush string sections have been replaced with layers of distortion.

Occasionally, a track will arise and attempt to recreate *Clarity*, but it's easy to see through the ruse; it's just a weak attempt to hold on to their early fans. The first single, "Pain" is a replica of "Bleed American," the first single from their last album. Redundancy, if you haven't caught on, is the theme here.

On *Futures*, singer Jim Adkins' voice is perhaps the only thing keeping the band ahead of the pack. The charm of his style is that he's not a terribly gifted singer. Although he holds melodies well, you always have the feeling that he's about to break; that he's constantly singing at his maximum vocal capacity. However, it might be said that such effort is wasted on lyrics such as "When the dance is through, it's me and you / Come on, would that really be so bad?"

Futures isn't a bad album by any means; it's just not the step forward that each of their previous efforts were. Everything here has definitely been said and done before. But that won't keep these tracks from filling out movie soundtracks and supporting MTV well through next summer. In fact, almost every track is a potential commercial hit. Despite this marketability, for the first time on a Jimmy Eat World album, some tracks should be skipped. It has been nearly four years since their last release; maybe their early fans are just getting too old for this.



Spam: canned poetry?

By John Wicencyjusz/Staff Writer

Click here for increased sensitivity. Well, actually, that won't happen, but you will learn about a new book of poems that uses the subject lines of spammed e-mail for its titles.

Chicago poet Larry O. Dean has written that book of poems, *I Am Spam*.

Spam e-mail's matter-of-fact statements are used to look at what's going on in the world.

"Like everyone else I know who uses e-mail a lot in their day-to-day routine I have been inundated by spam, much of which, subject line-wise, is amusing or odd-sounding," Dean said. "Some of the more provocative or self-consciously strange lines got me thinking and I decided to try to write some poems based on them."

The first few spam poems Dean created are not included in the book, but those poems gave him the inspiration needed to make *I Am Spam*.

"[Those poems] went over well at readings," Dean said. "And I began to see that the spam poem idea might actually have greater ramifications."

I Am Spam is published by Fractal Edge Press, a company that publishes the works of many Chicago writers, mostly poets. Wayne Jones, a poet himself, owns the company.

"Dean's work is well-crafted," said Jones. "His humor is sharp and surreal, but still accessible. And he has a good sense of structure and coherence for the work as a whole."

Dean was surprised to see how easy it was to get the book published.

"Wayne Jones heard me read from the *Spam* manuscript and thought the poems were great," Dean said. "I got a copy of the whole manuscript to him, and within a week, the deal was made very quickly, in time for some readings that I had already booked. So the readings became a book tour."

So far, Dean is pleased with the response to his book.

"Audiences so far are getting the funny stuff, and the more serious poems in the book are also going over very well," he said. "People tell me they are not so angry over their spam now and are beginning to see it's more ludicrous and lighthearted potential."

Some of the poems inside of the book include "Stop Paying Too Much," "Be Your Own Boss" and "Emilee Is That

You?"

Dean was born in Flint, Mich., where he worked at The Michigan Voice, a paper once run by controversial, Oscar-winning director Michael Moore. Dean was a teenager when he worked for the newspaper as an arts editor and reporter.

"[Michael Moore] was willing to give anyone the opportunity to write, edit, whatever," Dean said. "Working with him was a positive experience. He was very encouraging and funny."

Dean attended the University of Michigan where he won the Hopwood Award in Creative Writing for three consecutive years.

"I almost didn't go to college. But I was talked into it by my mother, who suggested it might be a better option than going straight to work," Dean said. "I'm not much of an academic; in fact, I always note that I'm non-academic by choice as well as temperament."

Dean pursues other media besides poetry. He is a singer and songwriter for a number of bands, plus he is a music critic. He has also worked for many publications, such as *Option* and *Cake*, where he wrote about pop culture. Dean also briefly edited for *Draconian Measures*, a magazine he started in San Francisco.

"[In San Francisco], I learned more about writing and living than I had in college," he said. "I still feel a very strong attachment to San Francisco, but after 10 years, I felt as if it was time to shake things up, which is why I chose to move to Chicago."

Dean is now teaching poetry in Chicago public schools.

"I'm working parttime as a poet-in-residence through the Poetry Center's Hands on Stanzas program, which puts poets in the public schools," he said. "Right now, I'm working with third and fifth graders."

Dean won the Hands on Stanzas Gwendolyn Brooks Award for his teaching.

With *I Am Spam* finished, Dean has set his sights on a new project.

"I'm planning to begin work on another book with a larger theme: poems about my home town of Flint," he said. "I've written about Flint off and on for years but recent trips there have inspired me to delve more deeply into it. Flint's a very strange place."

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Fake art and slow journalism

Great Britain's Hayley Newman visits Columbia for presentations of her performance art career

By Trish Bendix/Assistant A&E Editor

Hayley Newman once made out with someone and attempted, at the same time, to write down every physical feeling she had on a pad of paper next to her. She also spent eight hours in an office, breathing into plastic sandwich bags to create a "visual record of the amount of breaths breathed out during a work day."

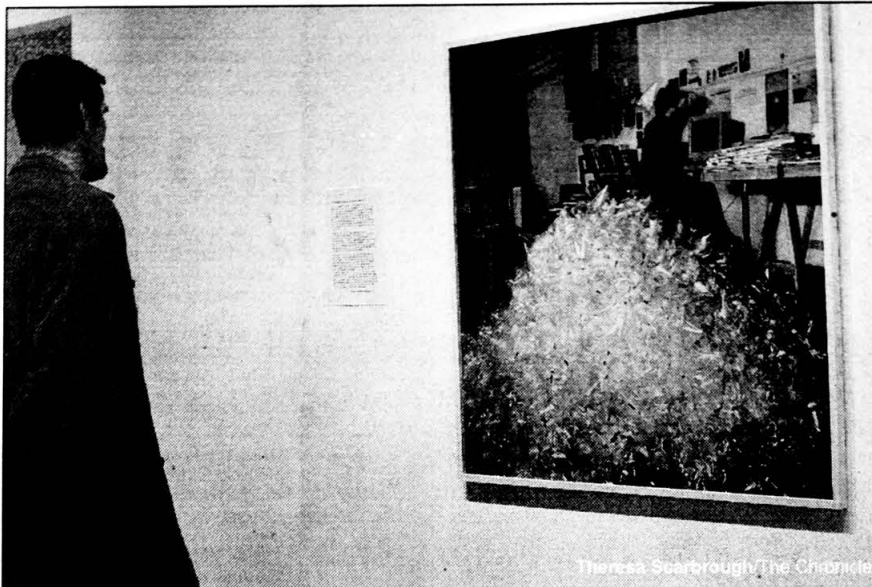
Newman has sat in a garbage bag on the side of the street waiting for the pick-up men, only to jump up and run away when they finally came to scoop her up at 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

These premeditated events, as well as others, are captured on film in a series of fictional performance pieces documented for Newman's books and projects during the last decade.

Although pictures document these events, they never really happened.

As a London-based performance artist, Newman has been involved in all aspects of art. Now she is displaying some of her most provocative and inspiring photographs at Columbia.

Newman challenges 1970s art by staging fake art and photography while trying to



Hayley Newman's piece 'Human Resources' is a fake scene of plastic bags filled with the number of breaths one takes during an eight-hour workday.

make it look real.

"Newman is important because she's about 100 percent of photograph performance art," said Karen Irvine, curator of the exhibit at the Museum of Contemporary

Photography. "It's all fake performances, just for the sake of the picture. They are half-truths. She says that she does something for three hours, when really it only takes three minutes. She says it took five

years when it really took a lot less."

Newman is featured in the museum's "Camera/Action" exhibit, Oct. 14 to Dec. 23, which includes "Human Resources" and "B(in)"

respectively, and other selections from her two published books, *Performancemania* and *Connotations-Performance Images 1994-98*. In addition to being featured at MOCP, Newman will also discuss her work on Oct. 18 at 6 p.m. in the Conway Center, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.

Newman, who has also worked with video and audio to document her live art, will be an artist-in-residence for a two-week student workshop called "Slow Journalism," concludes with a final exhibition Oct. 29 at 7 p.m. in the Glass Curtain Gallery, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.

Newman and students will collaborate on a project based on the Italian Slow Food movement, which calls for the intimate procedure of slowly finding and preparing food for the purpose of enjoying the process as well as the final product. "Slow Journalism" will showcase Newman and Columbia students performing what has been explained rather vaguely as "a slowed down, reflective relationship with information in the world around us."

"Camera/Action" runs until Dec. 23 at The Museum of Contemporary Photography, 600 S. Michigan Ave.

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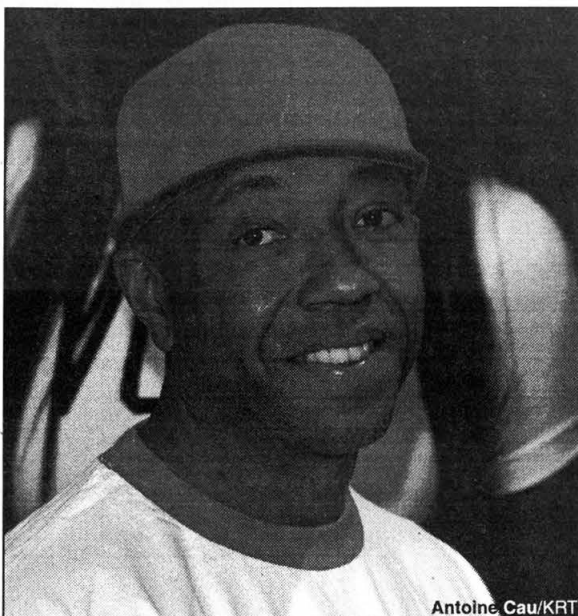
Russell Simmons: hip-hop history maker

By Trish Bendix/Assistant A&E Editor

KRS-One, Grandmaster Flash and Sugar Hill Gang may be credited with founding hip-hop, but the first one to capitalize on it and promote it to the mainstream was Russell Simmons. Simmons has been the man behind the genre's biggest names, from Run D.M.C. to Kanye West, and an urban entrepreneur from New York who never denies Chicago talent, or Columbia students, his time and expertise.

"We feel he's a trailblazer and has mainstreamed hip-hop," said Julieanna L. Richardson, the Founder and Executive Director of Chicago HistoryMakers. "In the tradition of our oral history projects, we want to discuss life stories. We want to show [Simmons'] journey through life. He's still very young and has made a tremendous difference."

As a co-founder of the Def Jam label—as well as spin-offs such as The Inc. and Roc-a-fella—Simmons has also maintained his own fashion line (Phat Farm), helped fund "Def Comedy Jam" on HBO and "Def Poetry Jam" on both HBO and Broadway, and



Antoine Cau/KRT

Russell Simmons will be honored by Chicago HistoryMakers this month on PBS.

launched his own debit card and energy drink. Simmons' autobiography, *Life and Def*, was published in 2002, detail-

ing his childhood and early promotion of hip-hop as well as the charities he is involved with today.

Simmons is set to visit Chicago Oct. 22 for an event sponsored by the HistoryMakers. "An Evening with Russell Simmons" highlights the Def Jam founder in an interview with Cathy Hughes, founder of Radio One. President of Vibe Magazine Kenard Gibbs will lead the night as master of ceremonies.

The Simmons special is the sixth installment of African-American celebrities presenting "oral histories" of their leadership in the United States. It will be filmed live for PBS in front of an audience of 1,000 at the Arthur Rubloff Auditorium of the Art Institute of Chicago, 230 S. Columbus Drive.

Previous honorees of the Chicago HistoryMakers event include Dionne Warwick, B.B. King, Harry Belafonte, Della Reese, Ossie Davis and Ruby Dee.

The HistoryMakers are not the first to honor Simmons. In 2003, he received an honorary degree, Doctor of Humane Letters, at Columbia's com-

mencement. He also appeared at the Metro, 3730 N. Clark, in March 2003 for "A Conversation with Russell Simmons" which included poets and spoken word performers and benefited a Columbia scholarship fund for graduates of Chicago public high schools.

The founder of the Hip-Hop Summit Action Network, Simmons has most recently become politically involved in recruiting young voters to take part in the upcoming election.

Interviewing Simmons will be Hughes, the first African-American woman to head a media company publicly traded on the U.S. Stock Exchange. She owns the nation's largest black-owned radio chain, and has been in the radio business since 1969. In January 2004, Hughes' company introduced the cable channel TV One.

"An Evening with Russell Simmons" will be held at the Arthur Rubloff Auditorium of the Art Institute of Chicago, 230 S. Columbus Drive Chicago, Oct. 22 at 7:30 pm. Tickets are \$150 in general admission and \$75 for students.

Chicago DJs assemble all-star lineup for debut album

Long-awaited project features Mr. Lif, Pace Won, Akrobatik, Kool G Rap and more

By Todd Burbo/Assistant A&E Editor

Doc West and Rude One of the Chicago DJ/production team Single Minded Pros have been having a busy fall. To support their Oct. 19 debut album, that features the likes of Pacemaster and Mr. Lif, they're throwing back-to-back shows this month.

They rocked the Metro with KRS-One and Kool G Rap, and on Oct. 23 they'll be spinning at the Dark Room for the album's official release party. Amid all of this, they found time to chat with The Chronicle about new millennium hip-hop.

Chronicle: How long have you guys been together as "Single Minded Pros"?

Doc West: We've been under the name SMP since '94, but back then it was Single Minded

Productions, because we had four guys that rapped underneath us. The DJ part of the crew was Single Minded Pros, so when we lost the rappers, it just dropped to that. But it's always been SMP.

C: What really makes someone a DJ?

Rude One: It's a lot more than having the latest records, and a CD turntable, and a copy of [DJ Software] Final Scratch, you know? You definitely have to be able to mix, you can't be a train wreck DJ. A little bit of cutting helps too, it's not necessary, though. I mean, the definition of DJ hasn't changed for me, I hold everybody to one standard. A crate of records and a pair of 12s don't make you a DJ.

C: You don't think you have to be active as a producer or beat maker?

RO: It's two different things. Well, they kind of go hand in hand, but I don't think you've gotta make beats to be a DJ, or vice versa.

C: What do you think of the new generation?

DW: I don't consider those [kids who use CD turntables and computer software] DJs. If you use CDs, you're someone who plays CDs—that's it.

RO: When we were coming up, we were learning to mix and scratch on belt drives, and we got on [Technics] 1200s, and were like "Oh my God!"

DW: They were like a Rolls Royce.

RO: And the old cross faders were like rowing a boat! Now they have these optical faders that are so fast ... It's hard, you have to take advantage of the technology that's there, but at the same time, you gotta be able to freak some vinyl.

C: How do you guys feel about the current state of Chicago hip-hop?

RO: I think it's dope. There are so many different things going on: you've got cats like Galapagos4, and they've got a following. All Natural's got a following, we've got a following, you know what I mean? They're all different sounds, but it all flows together, and there's room for anybody. Because of that, you're able to hear so much different shit. In New York, I feel like everybody's trying to sound one way. L.A.'s a little bit more diverse, but in Chicago, we've got the benefit of hearing so much different shit. Like on our album, we've got everybody from Mr. Lif on Def Jux to Kool G Rap. And on our track with Kool G Rap, it sounds like Mobb Deep—we're all over the place.

C: Who do you think is a better icon for Chicago hip-hop—a commercially available, radio saturated rapper like Kanye West who brings label support to the city, or a more critically acclaimed but less known rapper like Common when he dropped "Resurrection"?

DW: Well, right now, I think they're one and the same. I mean, early Common is one thing, but newer Common is another. I think "Resurrection" is a way better album than "College Dropout," but it does-

n't hurt that Kanye's name is blowing up because it brings attention to the city.

RO: Not only that, but he's got a good history. He produced an album for a rapper here named Grav, and it's phenomenal. It's from, like, '96. Kanye's got a history. He didn't just appear with a keyboard, singing soul.

C: How do you manage to land someone like KRS-One for your shows?

RO: Well, we're down with Kool G Rap, and he has the same booking manager as KRS. He told him about our show. And since KRS was going to be in Detroit the night before, he heard that G Rap was going to be there, and he wanted to be a part of it. We've had other rappers come to us about taking part in the show, but we don't want it to get twisted. People are already calling it the KRS-One show or whatever, but this is our album release party. We don't want to detract from that any more than has already happened.

C: When does the album drop?

RO: Oct. 19 It'll be available everywhere from Gramophone to Best Buy and Tower, worldwide. We've been waiting for this for a long time. We've got our favorite MC's of all time on here—Pace Won's chillin' on my couch a few times a year now; Kool G Rap is doing interviews with the Sun-Times to talk us up. It's crazy.

SMP's official record release party is Oct. 23 at the Dark Room, 2210 W. Chicago Ave. It will feature a DJ set by Rude One, Doc West and others.



Courtesy EV Productions

DJs Rude One and Doc West have been working together as Single Minded Pros for more than a decade.

Depp goes to Neverland

'Monster's Ball' director Marc Forster shifts to fantasy

By Jamie Murnane/A&E Editor

Johnny Depp can do anything. From wielding foot-long blades to sailing sinking ships, he's done it all—on screen.

In *Finding Neverland*, which premiered Oct. 14 at the Chicago International Film Festival, Depp proves, yet again, that he's one of the most versatile actors of our time. In *Neverland*, Depp plays Scottish playwright James Barrie, the creator of *Peter Pan*.

Though the film is creative in its imagery, the story is nothing new. The film has been billed as the tear-jerker of the year, but it simply doesn't live up to the hype surrounding its director, *Monster's Ball* mastermind Marc Forster.

However, Depp plays the part of an overly imaginative playwright perfectly—which is

exactly why Forster cast him. Forster, who was on hand after the screening at the AMC River East for a Q-and-A, said Depp is the only one who could play a role that required so much spontaneity.

"I think the imagination is a very strong force—a healing force," Forster said, noting that *Finding Neverland* is very different from the typically darker films he's made. "I feel that a lot of people don't use their imaginations much anymore. Too many people have jobs where they wake up in the morning and don't like what they're doing."

After his latest play bombs, Barrie turns to his own imagination, with the help of four young boys and their mother (played by Kate Winslet). He soon spends more time with the family, creating fantasy

worlds of pirates and Indians, fairies and flying, than at home with his own wife.

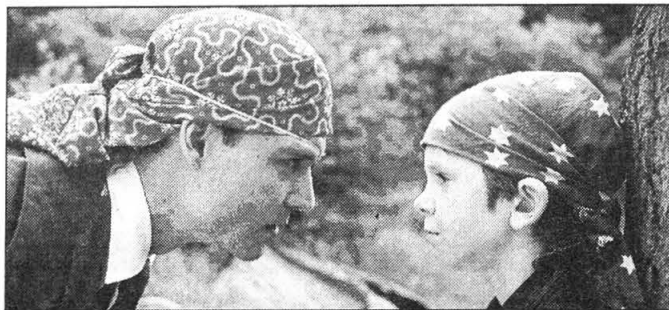
The real strength in the movie lies in Barrie's connection with one of the boys, Peter, who inevitably becomes the inspiration for *Peter Pan*, played by Freddie Highmore.

The cast is rounded out with greats Dustin Hoffman and Julie Christie—something that almost didn't happen.

Forster said that when Hoffman expressed interest in playing the small role of Barrie's producer, the director tried to talk him out of it.

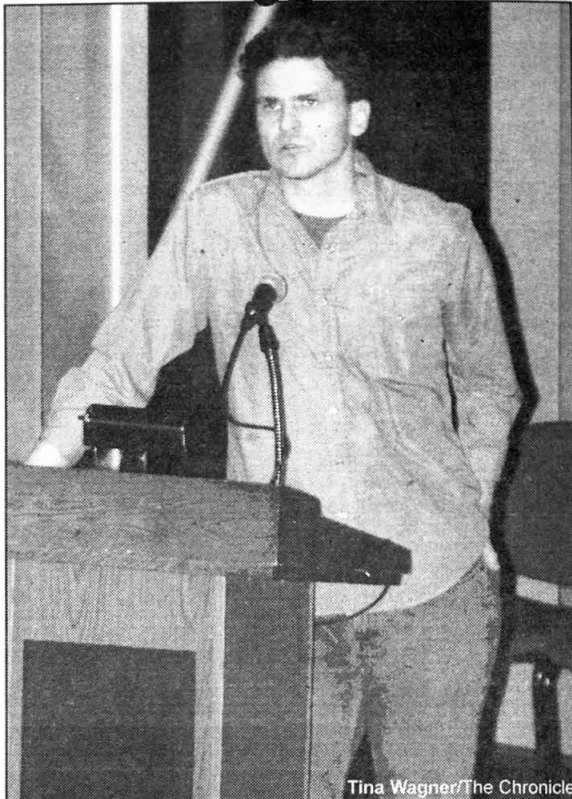
"He's just so great. I just thought he'd take the attention away," Forster said. "I tried to talk him out of it, and he just looked at me with a very perplexed look on his face, like no one has ever told Dustin Hoffman, 'No, I don't want you in my movie.'" But Hoffman swayed him and the decision was superb.

Despite the A-list casting, the film stayed true to the simplistic nature of theater—blurring the edges of reality and fantasy effortlessly.



Johnny Depp and Freddie Highmore enter a world of make-believe in 'Finding Neverland,' which premiered at the Chicago International Film Festival Oct. 14.

Stake in Eggers...



Tina Wagner/The Chronicle

Dave Eggers, McSweeney's mastermind and seminal author of *A Heartbreaking Work of Staggering Genius* and *You Shall Know Our Velocity*, promotes his latest publishing projects, *Giraffes? Giraffes!* and *Your Disgusting Head* at Millennium Park's Pritzker Pavilion Oct. 15.

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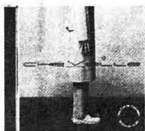
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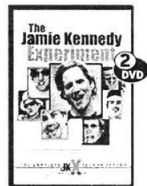
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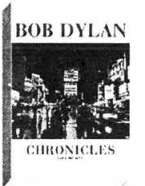
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walken 'around the bend

BY JAMIE MURNANE / A&E EDITOR

When first laying eyes on Christopher Walken, it's impossible not to imagine him breaking into a trademark, impromptu jig or watch for his head to pop off due to a short circuit à la *The Stepford Wives*.

At a towering 6-foot-something (not to mention another three, at least, for his hair), Walken is as large off-screen as on. His eyes—one blue and one hazel—are eerily captivating. Looking at them is like looking at the sun. You know you shouldn't, but you just can't help but stare.

It's late Saturday morning and the people of Chicago are going about their day, completely unaware that Walken is only yards away, hidden by the tinted glass barrier of Michigan Avenue's Park Hyatt Hotel. Inside, Walken, who looks as though he's just rolled out of his hotel bed, is ready to talk about his new film, *Around the Bend*. Directed by Jordan Roberts, the film is premiering at the Chicago International Film Festival the very night of this Walken encounter.

In the film, co-starring Michael Caine and Josh Lucas, Walken plays Turner Lair, the estranged and troubled father with a hidden past. The role, a far cry from the typically kooky, kitschy Walken, is his first leading role since 2000's *The Opportunists*. But Walken has never been out of the picture. After all, there was the robotic romp in the aforementioned *Stepford Wives* and his stint as Frank Abagnale Sr. in *Catch Me if You Can*, among others.

But Chris Walken, as he prefers to be called, is used to being the supporting man. "You don't choose these things," he says, squinting his eyes—another Walken trademark.

"I don't think I ever was gonna be a leading man—ya know, the guy who gets the girl. I've always relied a lot on luck. And when someone says, 'Here's a job,' I'm just inclined to say yes, 'cause I don't have anything else to do. I don't have hobbies. I don't have kids. I don't like to travel. I'd just stay home all the time if I didn't go to work."

Lounging casually in the Hyatt's lower-level conference room, Walken looks as one would imagine him sitting with friends at a bar. He talks about the criteria films have to meet in order for him to take them on: not much.

"If it's sort of two-thirds good, I figure 'OK,'" he says, straightening the collar of his navy blue blazer.

It's clear that, while the discussion should be focused on *Around the Bend*, Walken is a talker. He talks about everything from theater to lion taming, something he did for an entire summer when he was a teenager. Just as he is on screen, the man (and his hair) is predictably unpredictable. Just as when he dances (he's known for working a dance, scripted or not, into his roles), Walken leads when he speaks. And everyone around him just follows his steps.

"Ya know, I never knew I was gonna be an actor," he says. "My whole background, before I was in my 30s, was

musical comedy theater. Eventually, I took a couple acting classes, but I was a musical comedy show-off. And then I got into acting. But I'm still a dancer."

And that he is. In fact, he even won an award when he made a giant splash in the music industry pond by choreographing his own moves that sent him dancing up and down escalators. It was for the 2001 Fatboy Slim video "Weapon of Choice."

But now he feels it's time to sit out a couple dances. "There's always a lot of stuff that happens in movies that's just sort of spontaneous," Walken says. "So the dancing started by just goofing around. When I read the [*Around the Bend*] script, it was in there. I don't know if it was in just because I was there or what. But I'm starting to think that it's enough, that I have to stop doing it. People talk to me about it all the time. They talk to me more about that than they do—you know, like it becomes a thing in the movies—so I think I've overdone it—that it's enough."

Aside from being a well-known two-stepper, Walken's also recognized as a man everyone tries to be—especially on "Saturday Night Live." But why do so many people imitate him?

As Walken puts it, it's "because I have a peculiar way of speaking." At this point, he almost laughs—but he doesn't break that easy.

"I mean, there must be something to imitate," he says. "It's punctuation, I think. When I was a kid, for some reason it used to bother me when they told me how to write. They'd say, 'The period goes here.' 'There's a comma here.' 'This is capital.' 'This is a question.' And I thought, 'No it's not. I mean, it is if I feel like it.'"

And so, became. The Christopher Walken. We know. Today?

Peculiarity and all, Walken's role as Turner in *Around the Bend* is much different than anything anyone's seen from him in many years.

Of course, that was *Around the Bend* director, and Chicago native, Jordan Roberts' main intention. Walken's role in the film is far more vulnerable than any character he's played to this point. A long-absent father who's returned in an attempt to make things right with his father, and most importantly, his adult son. Walken's portrayal is downright heart-wrenching.

"He played ball with me in a very real way," says Roberts. "I mean, you see it on screen. This is not the Chris we're used to. He allowed me to nudge him into a new territory and sometimes he allowed me less than others. But what you see is a guy who is nudged into kind of a more fragile persona. At the end of the day—any given day—he went there." The film is further evidence of Walken's versatility.

As this was Roberts' directorial debut, working with Walken wasn't always easy. Intimidation was an initial factor, but eventually he and the actors were on the same page as far as the goals of the film were concerned.

"I pushed Chris into a place of vulnerability and he pushed me into a place of

less constriction," Roberts says. He notes that it was Walken's idea to keep his character shadowy and dark, which he believes to be a great gift for the film.

"I wanted to make sure that while he was shadowy and dark, he was never abusive," Roberts says. "He was never cruel. He was never sarcastic or sardonic or any of the things we associate with him."

For Walken, taking a different kind of role was an inevitable step in his career.

"If you're an actor, it's all about sticking around, you know—to stay viable," he says. "So, you take things that are a little different. This was a whole different thing. ... I typically play kind of cartoonish people."

And Turner Lair is far from cartoonish. In fact, he's a "messed up, damaged guy," Walken says. Oddly enough, Walken's tired face this morning looks unlike his character.

"He's in terrible shape," Walken continues. "I mean, he's literally dying. Most people's lives are not so sad or disappointing. And that's a good thing. But there are people who have done some things, maybe 30 years ago, that's ruined their lives. [Turner's] a guy who's done really stupid, bad, self-destructive things. And, I think everybody can relate to it."

Everybody, especially Roberts, who finished the script just 18 months ago when his estranged father died.

"I didn't know my dad growing up," Roberts says. "He showed up at my doorstep when I was an adult and was these kind of volatile, absurd dances with one another over the course of several visits. It's always been a fascinating relationship to me. So I started writing about a long time ago. It became clear, eventually, that the story was a personal one, an emotional one. So it took a while to sort of get it to the place that it felt honest. I didn't want it to be smug and ironic, which I can't stand."

The script went through 32 rewrites. When it was finished, Roberts was sure he'd just film it with a digital camera and some of his actor friends. Finding out Walken, along with Michael Caine and Josh Lucas, would star in the film "was unbelievable—just unbelievable," he says.

Though Roberts says he knew what Walken's typical roles have been, he's confident he was the right man for the part. *Around the Bend* is a comedy in its first hour, and Roberts discusses how he balanced the film's comedic scenes with its schematic shift to drama.

The goal, the Chicago native says, was believable behavior.

"Chris Walken, I think, has extended cultural acceptance of bizarre behavior," Roberts says. "So, he gets away with that someone else might not. But Chris so used to playing—not just kooky characters—but characters that are very defended and very well fortified—offensive and defensive. And I wanted him play a character that was neutral, that was incapable of guile, violence and aggression."

"With the knowledge that we all had

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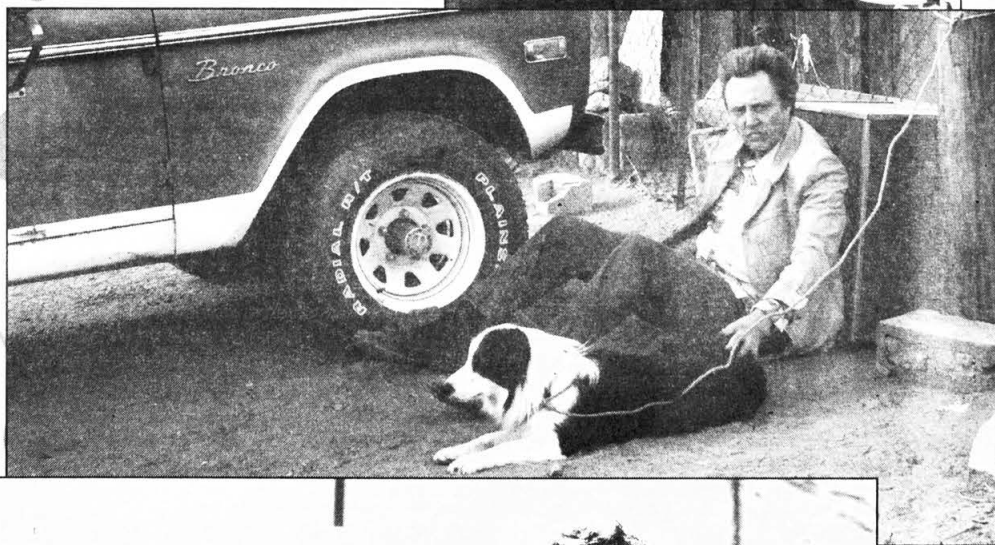
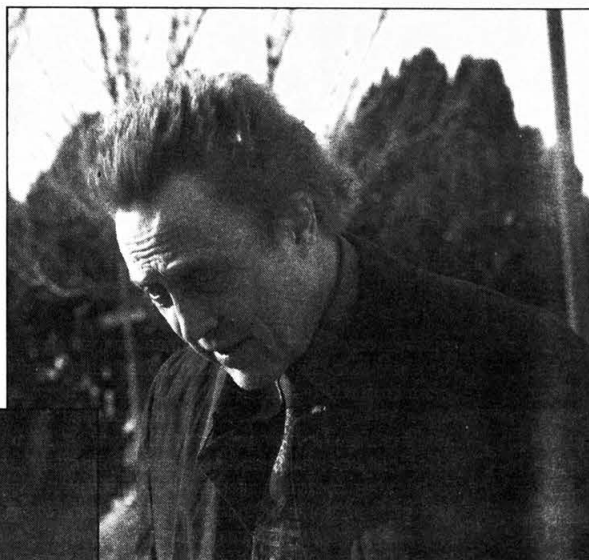
going into the film, seeing his face, the memories of all the people he's portrayed in the past, comes through. It's like casting all of his former roles," Roberts says. "This character he's playing has done horrible things in the past, as the actor Christopher Walken, he brings those with him to the screen."

This ingenious actor/director pairing explains the success of the storytelling of the film. Each of the men is humble, crediting each other for the success. As Walken says, directors do many things he doesn't even know about. "But one of the things the good ones do is casting," he says. "It might not be an actor who can do a whole lot of things, but it's an actor who's very specifically right for a certain part."

Walken pauses and a confessional look comes across his face, much like the climactic scene of his film. "I figure if they cast me, they cast me because whatever it is that I have is what they want. ... I believe you don't have to know what an actor is talking about—you just have to know that the actor knows what he's talking about."

Once again, Walken proves he, indeed, knows what he's talking about.

Around the Bend opened in select cities Oct. 8.



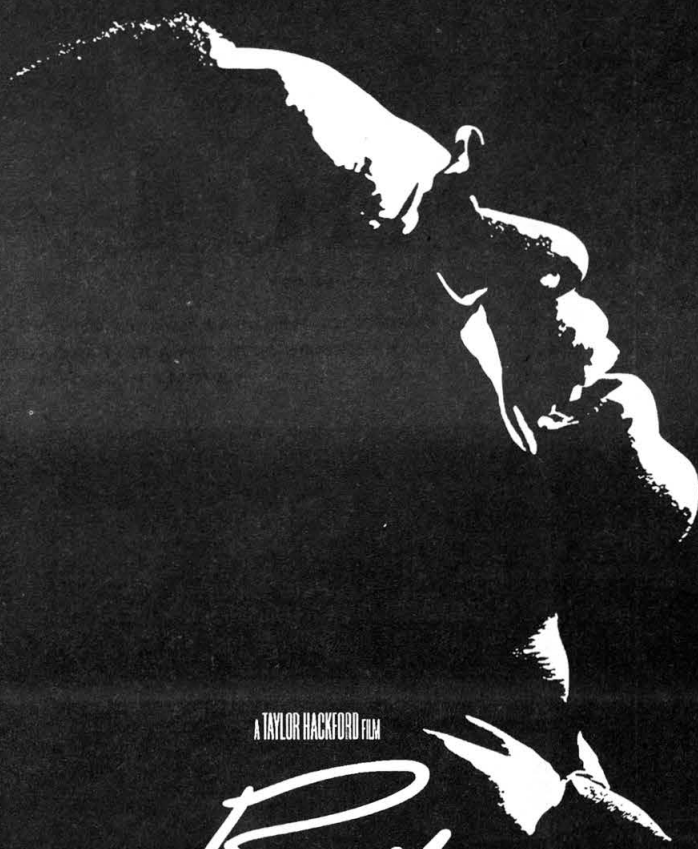
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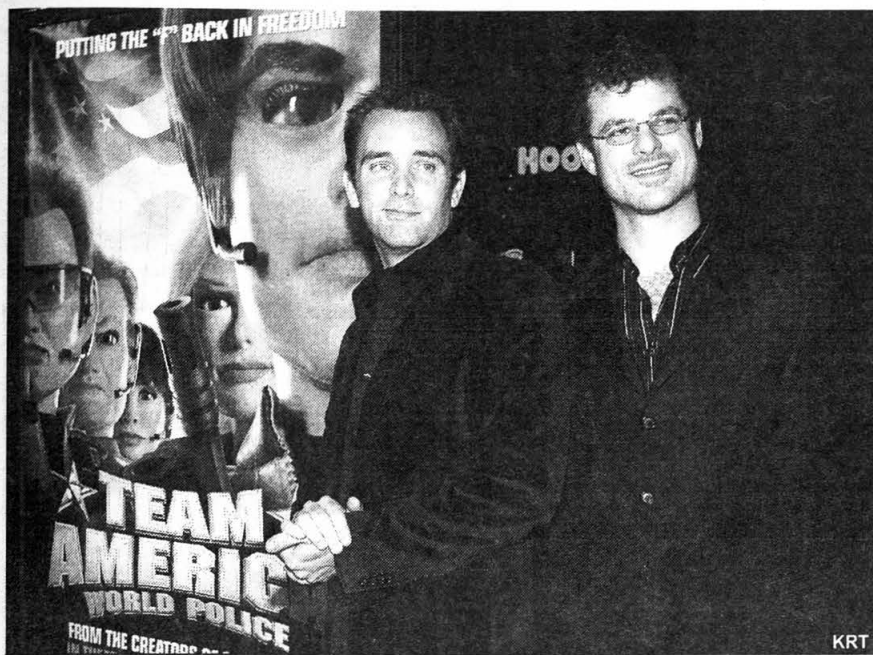
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IN THEATRES FRIDAY, OCTOBER 29

From cutouts to puppets, vulgarity reigns

New medium delivers big laughs, but familiar content from 'South Park' team



Trey Parker (left) and Matt Stone (right) are offensive, but oh so suave.

By Todd Burbo/Assistant A&E Editor

Planning on seeing *Team America: World Police*? Do yourself a favor: the night before, rent *Top Gun*, *Navy SEALs*, *Return of the Jedi* and perhaps *Pearl Harbor*. It's true; *Jedi* doesn't seem to fit into that lineup, but nevertheless, there are at least two scenes in *Team America* that follow Lucas's film shot for shot. As for the other movies mentioned? Well, they pretty much compose the remainder of *Team America*.

With shining examples such as *Hot Shots* and *The Naked*

But with their latest project, Trey Parker and Matt Stone have once again proven that packaging, not content, is what matters the most. When the plot of *Team America* proudly stomps down the well-trod action path, the genre seems almost fresh—revitalized by the marionettes Parker and Stone painstakingly brought to life.

One of the best instances

recalls (from *Top Gun*)
 leman's assertion that
 Maverick "is dangerous." The
 intense deliverance of the line
 is unbearably funny when
 made by one puppet in the face
 of another. Parker and Stone
 wisely choose to play such
 scenes with a straight face,
 allowing the natural absurdity
 of the marionettes to control
 the humor.

It works beautifully. Never has an audience laughed so hard and consistently at a movie without a single joke in it.

Like children with firecrackers in July, Parker and Stone get their kicks by blowing the heads off puppets and destroying their miniature sets—sets so detailed that you can't help but wonder if the designers wept at their demise.

The creators said it would take the audience about 15 minutes to realize what they're watching.

The opposite is true. The first scene is loaded with blatantly amateur puppetry, and even goes so far as to mock itself in the first few minutes with a puppet "fight scene." After building toward a choreographed martial arts battle, the fight then proceeds with two puppets jiggling frantically against each other. Such jokes concerning the limitations of puppetry are common throughout the film.

The issue of style over substance also plays a big role in the film's dialogue and overall message.

You will hear very little from *T e a m America* that you haven't heard on "South Park," the show that put Parker and Stone on the map. That's not to say it doesn't work. Over-the-top vulgarity was fresh and funny coming from the

mouths of cut-out children in "South Park's" first season, and it works again coming from puppets. Some might say it works even better. Again, Parker and Stone have effectively proven that packaging is everything.

Unfortunately, this is the last we'll see of these puppets, as Parker and Stone's newfound hatred for marionettes has been well documented.

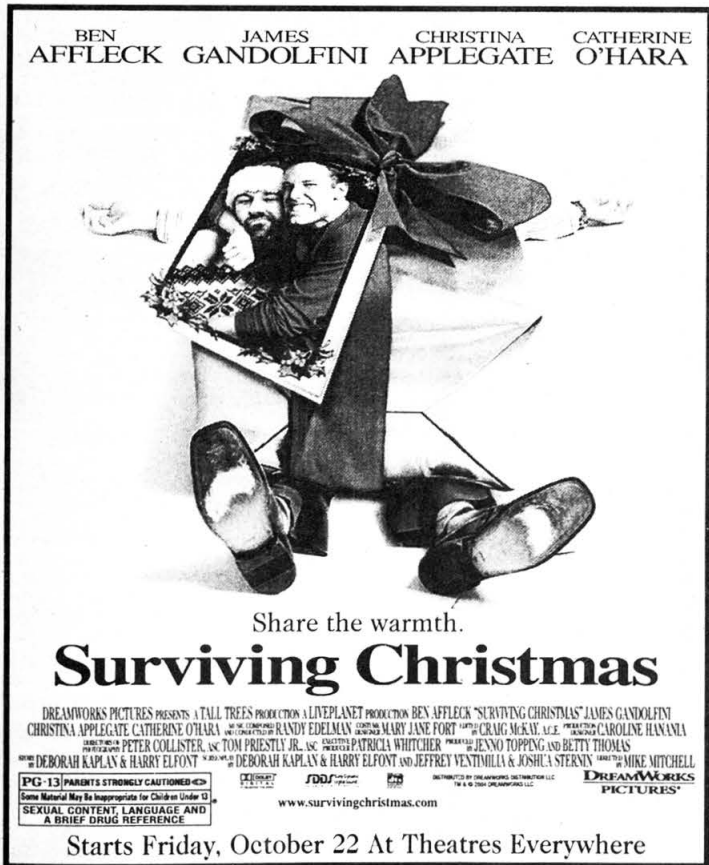
The Motion Picture Association of America is probably relieved to hear that, as they were planning on giving *Team America* an NC-17 rating, forcing heavy editing just weeks before release in order to receive an R. What was taken out? Not violence or language, but sex. Yes, puppet sex.

According to Parker, a two-minute lovemaking scene was cut down to about 30 seconds. After seeing the new version, audiences may wonder

what on earth could have been cut out; what's left of the scene resembles a Cliffs' Notes version of the *Kama Sutra*.

While many are expecting fierce political commentary from the film, *Team America* is primarily an action movie. As in *Navy SEALs* or *Top Gun*, politics merely work as the background for a ridiculous plot. Jerry Bruckheimer is the target here, not President Bush.

The American World Police is in theaters now.



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Left to right: Jack Radcliffe (piano), Jon Prouty (guitar), Larry Rand (guitar), John Kerry (bass), Andy Gagarin (maracas) and Peter Lang (drums)

BY SCOTT CARLSON / NEWS EDITOR

In the past 40 years, putting together a garage band has become a rite of passage for bored suburban kids. Since it's often a transparent attempt to meet girls, garage bands tend to stay in the garage.

Even if an album is recorded, bands break up, and the players (usually) graduate and get real jobs. Audiophiles and music snobs revere a few records, but 99 percent are tossed or forgotten at yard sales.

Unless, of course, one of the band members may become president almost a century later.

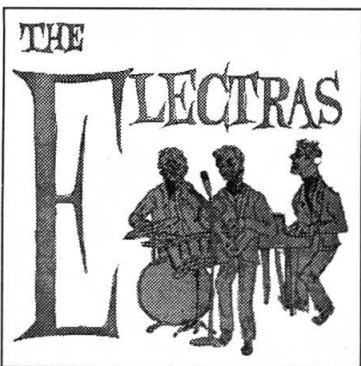
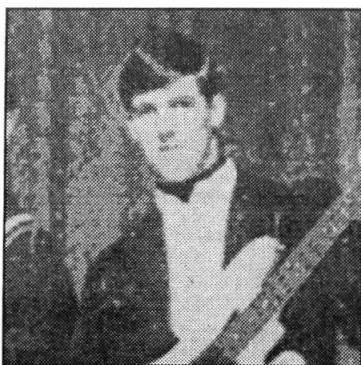
Just in time for the 2004 presidential election, the only album recorded by The Electras, an obscure New Hampshire garage band, has been rescued from being another cheap-o '60s garage rock re-release, receiving the royal remastering treatment. The reason? Democratic presidential candidate Sen. John Kerry was the bass player.

The Electras' story isn't anything that hasn't happened to a thousand other garage bands. A bunch of high school kids from Concord, N.H., got together in 1960. They played locally for a year, gaining a fan base. RCA Records pressed 500 copies of an album they recorded in 1961. After a couple personnel changes, they graduated and broke up six months before The Beatles turned up with "She Loves You." Life goes on.

The story would have ended there, until last year, when (as urban legend has it) someone purchased one of the original copies at a garage sale. The buyer looked at the sleeve's group picture and recognized the bass player. Said buyer then rushed to the Internet. Interest ensued—enough for the band's other members to track down the master tapes and have them cleaned up for a CD re-release through www.theelectrasrockandrollband.com. Reunion rumors persist.

The re-release's back cover may scream, "GARAGE ROCK IS ALIVE AND WELL," but that statement is deceptive. The Electras was no doubt a

garage band, but grouping them with Garage Rock—a genre which kicked into full gear nearly three years after they had broken up—seems more like a marketing tool aimed squarely at the twentysomethings like-



ly to vote for Kerry. And many of them are already fans of the genre because of the garage rock revival that began two years ago with the sudden exposure of The Strokes, The Hives and The White Stripes.

The Electras' record—which relies mainly on instrumentals, all of them covers with one original—is actually closer to the parent genre of Garage, Surf, minus the intensity found in surf rockers Dick Dale (see "Miserlou," the opening titles song in *Pulp Fiction*) or Link Wray (the man who fused surf instrumental with a punkish attitude). Garage rock may still be alive and well, but nowadays it lives at a new address in a different part of town. Those familiar only with neo-garage rock will be disappointed if they expect to find another "Fell in Love With a Girl" or "Last Nite."

That target audience may be more interested in the album's low-tech production, which sounds a lot like no-frills modern Indie Pop. Bob Ludwig, the mastering wizard behind CD reissues of albums by The Rolling Stones, The Kinks,

The Velvet Underground and others, has done a fantastic job remastering the original tapes, which were recorded by the group—standing under only one overhead microphone—in a two-hour 1961 session.

Considering the conditions, it's miraculous the record doesn't sound like it was recorded in a Six Flags karaoke booth.

Ludwig's restoration is laudable, but no amount of tape cleaning covers the fact that the album sounds like it was recorded in two hours. Halfway through, Kerry and the boys finally warm up and play as a tighter unit, but until that point, the musicianship is far looser than it ought to be—especially Kerry's bass playing. (Granted, it's hard not to single that out.)

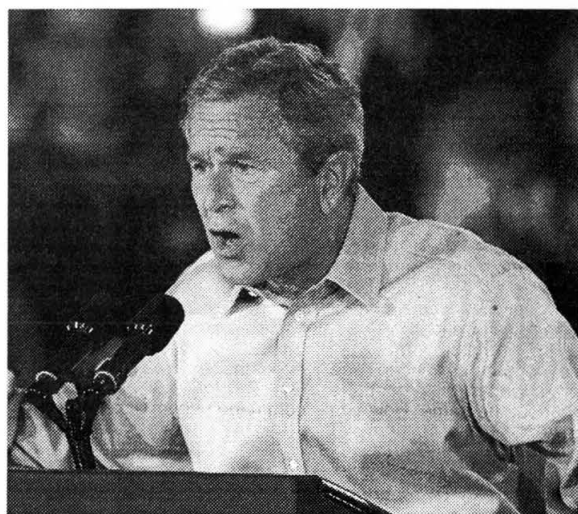
Does this mean The Electras can't rock? Not at all. Considering they were a bunch of high school kids, they deserve a lot of credit for playing as well as they did. Had they stuck it out, investing in a fuzz box should have been a priority, and they would have needed to subtract the instrumentals to compete with British

Invasion bands—not that that would have been a problem. The album's two-vocal songs, covers of Eddie Cochran's "Summertime Blues" and Lee Dorsey's "Ya Ya," offer proof they had a fairly gifted vocalist—whoever he was. (The album's complete lack of liner notes is a major disappointment.)

In context of when it was made, the album is good, but modern audiences will find the album boring. Truth be told, none of the songs had the moxie to find its way onto *Nuggets*, the legendary collection of obscure '60s garage rock singles compiled in 1972. But that's the nature of garage bands. Not everyone who shares their rehearsal space with a car will become The Rolling Stones, and 99 percent don't for a good reason.

Whether it sells, considering the 40-year-old album is being remastered for re-release, The Electras are still ahead of the other garage bands that didn't have a presidential candidate on the roster.

what about Bush?



the tex-mex sensation that could have been...

While a music review wouldn't exactly be considered a violation of equal time agreements for presidential candidates, The Chronicle thought it would be a good idea to balance our Electras album review with a look at President George W. Bush's musical side.

The only thing is, he doesn't have one—or at least was never part of a band, as far as the American press knows.

In fact, the only time American audiences have seen him enjoying music was during a Stevie Wonder performance at the March 3, 2002, Presidential Gala held at the Ford Theatre in Washington, D.C.

But funk doesn't sound like the kind of music junior Bush would play if he were in a band. So what would "The War President" have rocked with on stage?

Though he was born not far from Sen. John Kerry, Bush grew up in Houston and Midland, Texas. So, chances are, if Bush had ever put a band together, it would have been a Western group or a Tex-Mex outfit, perhaps called The Whiskey Sours. And considering his foreign policy techniques, it's conceivable that the Sours' musical influences would have tended to rowdier country and honky tonk in the vein of early George Jones, whose rocker "The Race is On" hit the charts when Bush would have been 18. The band's attitude, however, would probably have drawn from rough-and-tumble Merle Haggard, the Sid Vicious of '60s country (except Haggard could play).

The live set of The Whiskey Sours, fed by rhythm guitarist-jug player Bush, would probably have consisted heavily of classic country covers for the first two or three years, including Johnny Cash's "Folsom Prison Blues" and Hank Williams' "Jambalaya"—Bush's only lead vocal.

Had the band achieved some commercial success, generating stories of Bush's drunken, raucous performances—and perhaps a feud with The Flying Burrito Brothers—the attitude would have carried the group far, probably well into the '70s. It's also conceivable that the popularity of the Nashville sound at the same time—personified in the popularity of Tammy Wynette and Dolly Parton overtaking the sound of Gram Parsons—along with the "softening" of George Jones might have disillusioned the middle-aged Bush.

That is, until he meets up with Hank Williams Jr., whose rowdy songs (like "If You Don't Like Hank Williams (You Can Kiss My Ass)") not only revitalize the disenchanted guitarist, but give him the fodder for a career comeback playing the western bar scene as George Jr.

Hey, it could have happened.

—Jeff Danna contributed to this dream sequence

Gamers conquer the world with 'Rome'

By Adam J. Ferington/Associate Editor

Rome: Total War is the latest installment of English developer Creative Assembly's seminal conquest/strategy series, and disciples as well as newcomers will be pleased to find that Creative has met its own high expectations.

Following on the heels of two previous incarnations of the *Total War* series, *Medieval* and *Shogun*, the latest incarnation neatly follows the chronology of Caesar's sweep of the civilized world. Much of the series' semi-formulaic "real time strategy" remains, but rather than simplify the interface, Creative has chosen to expand the features that make conducting an imperialistic campaign of global pillage so enjoyable.

Players are initially introduced to a world map that allows them to command available units and manage resources, such as tax income from captured settlements, tributes from barbarian tribes that have been bloodied into submission and food from both fishing and agriculture. Between recruiting new soldiers and tactically plotting out the best route to glory, there are also the demanding whims of the Roman senate.

You begin the game closely aligned to (and under the auspices of) the pompous politicians, whose arrogance and incompetence continue throughout the game. How you choose to deal with them will drastically alter the level of difficulty. If you appease the sen-

ate, you will receive better munitions, funding, training and conscriptions, although they won't necessarily be yours to control. You may find that half of your units are needed back in Rome rather than aiding you in your conquest of the British

campaign to conquer the globe is a long and laborious process, you'll need to wisely choose who you let into your family. Marry off a daughter to the wrong person and you may find yourself embroiled in a trade war because of your son-in-

family members (particularly a son) can instantly sacrifice literally hours of game play, sending you back to the start and forcing you to re-fight dozens of battles.

As for the battles themselves, they make the sometimes-tedious task of managing and recruiting your armies worth it.

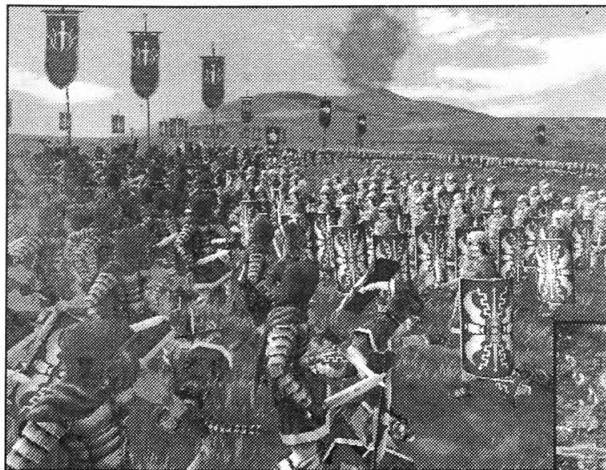
Whenever you encounter an enemy faction on the world map, the game transitions to a gorgeous, real-time simulation of a battlefield. Whether it is the Highlands of Scotland or the snow-encrusted forests of Germany's Rhine Valley, each aspect is rendered in exquisite detail. This is where the system requirements may get heavy—even on a machine with 512 MB of system RAM

diers on the screen. However, if you scale back the graphic settings from their highest point, the game should run smoothly without sacrificing too much detail.

And it's a good thing, too. The battles become so spectacular, you sometimes forget you're playing a game and not watching a movie. The first few battles you lose may leave you staring in awe at the screen, rather than commanding your units.

Every unit at your disposal has a practical application. Using them effectively is the key to victory—a squadron of archers can pick off infantry or an armored cavalry charge from a distance, but leave them unprotected or let them engage in close-range skirmishes and they will be wiped out in seconds. The more successful your campaign—whether through appeasement of the senate, or accumulation of settlements—the more diverse and advanced your military units become. Everything from Egyptian chariots to catapults to armored elephants from Carthage can be integrated seamlessly into your military repertoire.

Rome: Total War may not be a quick sit and play game, but once you commit yourself to it, you'll find yourself to be a hopelessly power-hungry arm-chair dictator.

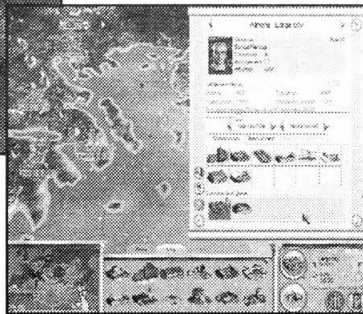


Isles.

Defy the senate and you may find yourself locked in a war with your own government, which is substantially stronger and better equipped than you. Should you defeat them, however, the entire Roman army and its glory will be yours to command uncontested.

In addition to the necessary politics, you'll also have to manage your own lineage. Since a

law's hotheaded business practices. Fail to train your son properly in the Socratic and military arts and he may end up allowing hundreds of your soldiers to die on the field of battle. Your legacy must be managed carefully, because almost every choice made in *Rome: Total War* ends up having long-lasting repercussions. And the death of one of your



and a top-of-the-line 128MB video card, the game shows a few instances of stuttering and frame rate slowdown when there are multiple (10,000) sol-

ssl 6000 console. pro tools hd. 2 inch analog.
and plenty of noise makers.



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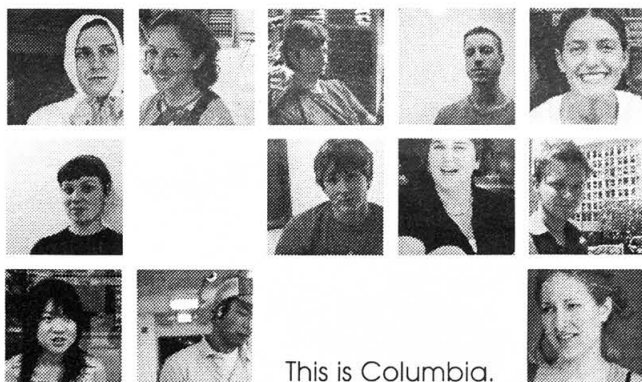


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TODAY, October 18th to pick up a complimentary pass (admits two) to a special advance screening of

THE GRUDGE

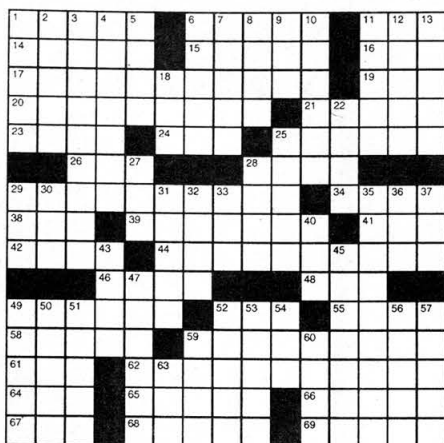
on Wednesday, October 20th.

One pass per person. No purchase necessary. Employees of all promotional partners, their agencies, and those who have received a pass within the last 90 days are not eligible.
This film has been rated PG-13 by the MPAA for mature thematic material, disturbing images/terror/violence and some sensuality

IN THEATRES FRIDAY, OCTOBER 22ND!

Crossword

- ACROSS
1 Tips off
6 Land measures
11 Hubbub
14 Model of excellence
15 The March King
16 Actress Arthur
17 Not affiliated with a party
19 Picnic raider
20 Volcanic events
21 Savor
23 18-wheeler
24 "Miniver"
25 Fondle
26 ___ & breakfast
28 Stand up
29 Takes part in battle
34 Find a buyer
38 Go astray
39 Personal records
41 Bering or Ross
42 Slender-waisted insect
44 Cut crosswise
46 Has bills
48 As well
49 Speed setters
52 Med. scan
55 "Do ___ others as..."
58 Stood up
59 Charlie Brown's exclamation
61 Religious prohibition
62 Cheerfully obliging
64 PGA peg
65 Prepare to pray
66 Heavily populated
67 Golfer Ernie
68 Transmits
69 Industrial city on the Ruhr
- DOWN
1 Port and hock
2 Love to pieces
3 Revises the order of
4 London diapers
5 Blind strip
6 John Jacob or Mary



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10/18/04

Solutions

- 7 Pocket change
8 Tim of "Star Trek: Voyager"
9 NASA's ISS partner
10 Christmas employees
11 Humble
12 Fender flaws
13 Hall and ___
18 Periphery
22 Liberal
25 Walking sticks
27 June honoree
28 Cut of pork
29 Hem or mend
30 Time of note
31 Refers to as an example
32 Jolly sailors
33 Novelist Levin
35 Tallinn people
36 Spike or Peggy
37 Young bloke
40 In position
43 Edgar Allan and others
45 Paths taken



- 47 Ships on reefs
49 Costume jewelry
50 Sharon of Israel
51 Rods' partners
52 Sulked
53 Dinner bread
54 Nev. neighbor
56 Not at all relaxed
57 Time after time
59 FBI personnel
60 Author of "The Immoralist"
63 Unspecified individual

Jackass of the Week

J.Lo

By Jené Shaw/Copy Editor

She used to have a little. Now she has a lot—of regrets, perhaps? Our (least) favorite girl from the block, Jennifer Lopez, is attempting to erase history by banning her music video "Jenny From the Block" from VH1 and MTV after her break up with fiancé Ben Affleck.

The video was played incessantly on stations last year, showcasing the Latin diva's PDA-oriented relationship with Affleck in numerous scenes, including a make-out session on a yacht, in a hotel and in the couple's Bentley, among other locations.

Now that J. Lo is married to Latin pop star Marc Anthony, she wants to forget her highly publicized days as half of "Bennifer." According to US Weekly, Lopez's reps insist the video is "not to be considered or shown" on air.

Now, if only she would rewrite the past and remove of *Gigli*, too.

An insider told The Star, "Anthony was really envious of the video—he told her he doesn't want to see it again because it hurts too much."

Lopez told Oprah in a recent interview, "I realized I have to start setting more boundaries for my personal life or it's just not gonna be a good life—I only get one."



'Bennifer,' during happier times.

Weekly Web: www.yugop.com

Yugo Nakamura doesn't leave much personal information on his website, www.yugop.com, but considering what he does leave, there isn't much to say.

Nakamura bills his work—a collection of Shockwave animations created either for other

websites or just for the sake of art—as "accidental beauty ... abstract communication." Actually, his website is more or less a pretentious Internet lava lamp, but who cares? It's more fun to stare at his strangely hypnotic work than a bouncing clock screen-saver.

The website offers 41 of Nakamura's mesmerizing animations. His most hypnotic is a clock on which numbers are rubbed out and rewritten every second. We dare you to try and get work done.

www.yugop.com

The Half Funny Page

Out of My Head

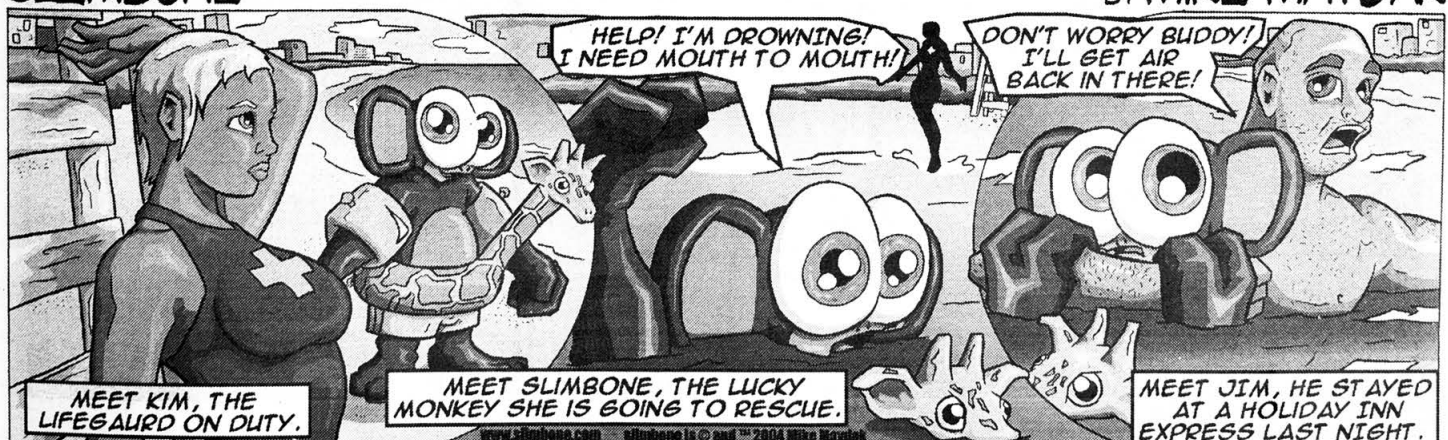


by **Scotty Carlson**

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SLIMBONE

BY **MIKE MAYDAK**



MEET KIM, THE LIFEGAURD ON DUTY.

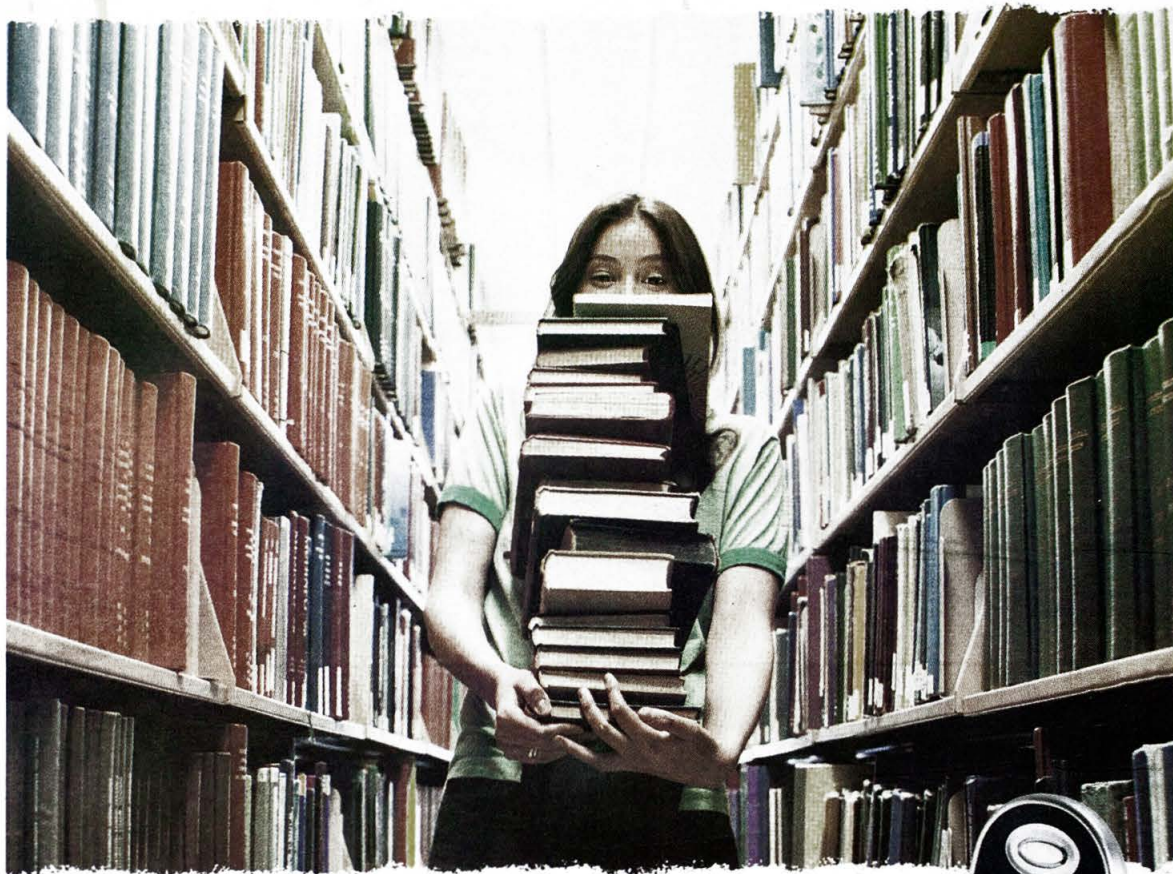
MEET SLIMBONE, THE LUCKY MONKEY SHE IS GOING TO RESCUE.

MEET JIM, HE STAYED AT A HOLIDAY INN EXPRESS LAST NIGHT.

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